1902

Memoranda

Alick Wetmore

Blackbird, Red-winged, 160, 161.
Blackbird, Rusty, 87, 137, 145.
Bluebird, 66, 144, 150, 162.
Blue jay, 7, 15-16, 24-25, 36, 40, 57-58, 59, 73, 81-82, 92-93, 94, 102-103^{2}, 104, 108, 109-110, 112, 113-114, 115, 122-123, 127, 129, 132, 137, 139-142, 144, 148, 158, 173, 174, 187-188.
Bobolink, 44.
Bobwhite, 19-21, 105, 109, 112, 175-176, 187.
Bunting, Indigo, 26, 55.

Catbird, 56, 62, 105.
Chewink, 14.
Chicadee, 106-107, 113, 117-118, 121-122, 124-125, 128-129, 132, 135, 168, 173.
Creeper, Brown, 164.
Crow, 16, 44, 62, 66, 80-81, 96-97, 126-127, 137, 145-146, 151-152, 169, 172, 173, 179, 181-182, 190.
Cuckoo, Yellow-billed, 26-27.
Dove, Mourning, 131, 168, 169.

Finch, Purple. 18, 51-52, 61, 84, 86-87, 104, 114-116, 162-163, 188-189.
Flicker, 37, 162, 176, 185, 192.
Flycatcher, Crested, 13-14, 26.
Flycatcher, Yellow-bellied, 24.
Goldfinch, American, 40-41, 48-49, 105, 148.
Goose, Canada, 163.
Goose, Greater Snow, 130-131.
Goshawk, American, 133-135.

Grackle, Bronzed, 57-58, 175.
Grosbeak, Evening, 104, 144.
Grosbeak, Rose-breasted, 29.
Grouse, Ruffed, 107-108, 112, 132-133, 187.
Hawk, Cooper's, 45-46, 48, 70-74.
Hawk, Red-tailed, 14, 60, 131, 142-144, 164-166, 173-174.
Heron, Black-crowned Night, 55-56.
Heron, Great Blue, 34-36.
Junco, 81, 86-87, 97, 99-101, 104, 112, 149, 154-155[2], 171-172, 176.

Junco (con), 177-178, 180, 184-185, 191, 192.
Killdeer, 184.
Kingfisher, 60, 62, 186
Kinglet, golden-crowned, 78-80, 179-180, 188.
Kinglet, Ruby-crowned, 76-77, 78-80.
Lark, Horned, 94-96.
Lark, Prairie Horned, 14-15, 94-96, 125, 137, 158-159, 160-161,
Meadowlark, 77-78, 86, 175, 176.
Night-Hawk 44, 54.

Nuthatch, Red-breasted, 98, 119, 155-159
Nuthatch, White-breasted, 16, 110-112², 124, 127, 129
Ovenbird, 44.
Owl, Barred, 172-174.
Owl, great Horned, 63, 68.
Owl, Screech, 120.
Pewee, Wood, 8-9, 11²-12, 13, 14, 16, 29, 30, 36, 39.
Phoebe, 39, 164, 180, 189-190.
Pipit, American, 96.

Redpoll, 152-154.
Redstart, 51, 67, 105.
Robin, 17, 32-33, 37-38, 49-50, 52, 56-57, 68-70.
Sandpiper, Spotted, 6-6, 62, 65-66.
Shrike, White-rumped, 169, 188.
Siskin, Pine, 112, 128, 146.
Sparrow, Chipping, 13, 36, 39-40, 41-43, 49-50.
Sparrow, English, 15, 98, 108, 127, 160, 162.
Sparrow, Field, 61, 171.

Sparrow, Fox, 159-160, 162, 171, 172, 178-179, 184, 185, 191.
Sparrow, Song, 6, 12-13, 19, 39-40, 47-48, 64-66, 75, 19-91, 105, 149, 154, 160, 162^{2}, 166-168^{2}, 176, 177, 184, 186, 192.
Sparrow, Swamp, 91-92.
Sparrow, Tree, 88-89, 92, 112, 149, 160, 154-155, 162, 168, 176, 186, 192.
Sparrow, Vesper, 6, 12, 188, 191, 192.
Sparrow, White-throated, 61, 74-75, 75-76, 97.
Swallow, Barn, 14.

Swallow, Cliff, 1-4, 19.
Swallow, White-bellied, 33.
Swift Chimney, 53-64.
Tanager, Scarlet, 6-7.
Thrush, Hermit, 61-62, 82-83.
Thrush, Olive backed, 58, 60-61, 62.
Vireo, Red-eyed, 4-5, 7-8, 11, 37, 44, 50.
Vireo, Warbling, 50.
Vireo, Yellow-throated, 23, 50, 63.

Warbler, Black and White, 23.
Warbler, Black-throated Blue, 60.
Warbler, Chestnut-sided, 63-65.
Warbler, Magnolia, 34, 50-51.
Warbler, Myrtle, 58, 76, 78-79.
Warbler, Nashville, 21-22, 25-28, 45, 47, 51,
Warbler, Tennessee, 24.
Water-Thrush, 10, 28, 38, 44,
Waxwing, Cedar, 10-11, 18, 52-53, 185.

Woodpecker, Downy, 18, 25, 37, 112, 113, 119, 126, 132
136.
Woodpecker, Hairy, 37, 87-88, 110, 112, 126, 127-128, 129,
130, 137, 146-148, 168, 178, 183.
Woodpecker, Red-bellied, 87, 93-94, 137, 143.
Woodpecker, Red-headed, 41, 44,
Woodpecker, Yellow-bellied, 37.
Wren, Winter, 163-164, 181-182, 190.

1902

August

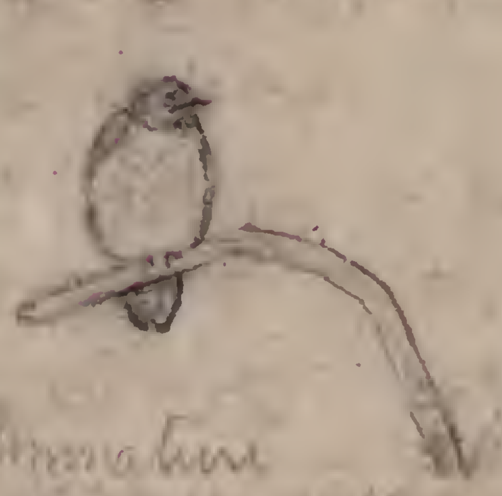
August 10 Sunday

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. Cliff Swallows were abundant. For the most part they kept in the air. They flew at a height of about 50 from the ground. This surprised me for the insects would naturally be low down as it was a grayish rainy day. Perhaps they were only playing

back wind [illegible]. There were

One or two young ones [illegible] were probably not so strong on the wing as the others sat on the [illegible] tassels of the [illegible] corn. I made a drawing of one of them on the next page. It sat all humped and kept turning its head from side to side. It did not seem at all afraid. They all kept up a continuous conversation. The notes given was a shivering [illegible] and another note like [illegible]. Occasionally one (probably an adult) [illegible] the young ones gave a note like [illegible] uttered in one syllable. The young ones

sometimes answered with



Immature
Cliff swallow

the same note. The young ones on the wing chased each other and had friendly little spats in the air. All of them seemed to have an air of [illegible] about them.
While I was writing my notes it began to drizzle. The swallows then [illegible] came down and lit on [illegible] wire fence. There were

~~thirty~~ or forty of them mostly immature.

In Maines Woods (now owned by Jean Bonnel) I saw a Red-eyed ♀ vireo feeding her one young one. It looked as if it had been out of the nest about three days. It sat on a grapevine about 25 feet up. Wishing to examine it I shook the vine a little and it fluttered down managing to fly just far enough to fall in the edge of the river. I fished it out and dried it off. It was a very tame sociable little bird and snuggled up to my coat ~~to~~ get warm.

Unlike most young birds it was silent. I set it up in a tree and then sat down to watch it. The female came to feed it but could not find it at first. She gave a note like chit chit. after a while she left without feeding it. The young one had a white breast a grayish head and fuscous wings, the outer webs of the primaries and secondaries were yellow. I built a fire and warmed it a little and put it up in a tree.

While I was building a fire a Spotted Sandpiper lit on the log in the swimming

rock and hunted for food after stretching its wings up as far as it could reach. It must have been a young one for it was not at all afraid of me. It waded out up to the leg joint. Then it flew towards me and started to light about 16 feet away but changed its mind and flew across the river.

On my way home I saw Song and Vesper Sparrows feeding in the short grass of the lawn. As I approached they flew into Vail's cornfield. They are beginning to gather in flocks. I caught a glimpse of a Scarlet Tanager

with white on the shoulders.

Frequently I heard a loud impatient jay jay given in a hurried manner. This was the call of a young Bluejay whose mother had left it to take care of itself. They spend some time in screaming this way before they will accept the cold fact that they have got to rustle their own grub instead of having it provided by the mother.

August 11, Monday.

This morning about 9 o'clock Art Rudy and I went down to the swimming hole to bathe

picture of that young Red-eyed Vireo. We had some trouble in finding it. At last I walked under a tree and saw it. I took away and sit on a branch. It sat perfectly still and I took a front and side view of it. It watched while I moved around with evident interest. I set it on a limb and it began to call for food a thing it had not done before. It gave two notes, tsrap and tsuk the last a modification of the 1st.
Then we climbed the big maple. I went out on a limb over the water and

saw the Wood Pewee's nest

Wood Pewee's nest

that I had hunted all over after. It was resting right flat on a crotch and the only position from which it could be seen was from above. It was a very flat nest. A part of it showed from one side but it looked like a bunch on the limb.

August 12, Tuesday.
This morning before breakfast I heard the sharp chit of the Water Thrush in Pittsys cornfield. It was the first one of the fall. I went down there but did not see nor hear it for some time, Finally it flew over me and lit in a tree. In flight it showed a strong contrast of dark olive and yellow. It seemed ill at ease and finally flew off but did not seem to know where to go as it circled around several times.
Afterwards I heard a

a Cedar Waxwing that had a very sharp long drawn note almost like that of a Golden-crowned Kinglet.

After breakfast I went down and cut that Wood Pewee nest off and took it down. There was not much lining in it. In some places the branch came through. Saw the Red-eyed Vireo. It seemed somewhat angry but made not audible protest. Once it flew by me and just missed my ear. The young Wood Pewee's were across the the river. They kept up their soft

notes all the time. Once in a while they became louder and scrambled [?] chording and by this I could tell when they were being fed.

About noon I went over to big Charlie Hingston's to thrash. Vesper Sparrows were quite thick on the way over as usual but I noticed that they were gathering more in flocks. A few Song Sparrows were mixed with them. Some of Melospiza melodia had a very loud clear song and I noticed one in particular whose song was loud and

also well and strikingly

Crested Flycatcher

arranged. A few probably young ones sang very badly. In Hewitt's woods there were a great many young birds, Chipping Sparrows and Wood Pewees. I saw one Crested Flycatcher on the tip of a tree beyond Cady's. It sat very erect and kept a good watch

It always lit on the tip of the limbs. It was not so restless as the Wood Pewee and was silent. For a large flycatcher it did not seem very pugnacious.
Before I got to John Shanks I scared out a large Red tailed Hawk. It flew off with an angry scream.
At Kingsbury a great number of Barn Swallows were quartering the fields in all directions. They swept very close to the stubble as it was a cool cloudy day.
Saw one Chewink on the way over and 4 Prairie Horned Larks

came up out of a corn field. They seem to prefer these fields now though the corn is very high. This is about the only soft ground they can find now as fall plowing has hardly begun yet.

August 14, Thursday.
This morning before breakfast I went down by Carl Fangis. In Rick's grove the English Sparrows were making a great fuss over a couple of Bluejays. I whistled [illegible] one of their alarm notes to them and they flew off towards

the bluff. A Wood Pewee started to chase them but changed its mind and turned back catching insects on the way.

I saw two crows down in Dallis' oat field. They flew off towards the marsh. Heard the ey-ey-ey of the nuthatch, what a spring sound that is. I was carried back to an early April morning with just a tinge of frost in the air with the Nuthatches, Juncos and Chickadees calling in all directions.

August 15, Friday.

This morning after breakfast Ed Cummins, Art Rudd, Burr Dickie, Clint Hanger and I went down the track on the little gully near the railroad bridge. There was a flock of about 40 Robins. They were not so wild as fall Robins usually are. A few sat on the track eating gravel. They were not very noisy. In Rob Dickie's woods we saw some more. One young sat and looked at me on the ground.

Birds were very thick in a plantation of

mulleins. A Downy Woodpecker was hammering grubs out of a big stalk. This will be a good place for winter birds.

Saw a flock of about 26 Purple Finches. They seem to like the dead tops of trees to perch in. Sunday morning I will come down and watch. I cannot this morning as the boys wish to move around. The great length of their tails struck as peculiar.

Found a nest of [illegible] pe[illegible] which was almost completely composed of chip wood.

August 17, Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. The swallows were around as usual. Today they were down near the river.

Saw a Song Sparrow with a light yellowish brown tail and another with scarcely any tail at all.

On the edge of the corn field I scared up a half grown Bobwhite. They had been taking a dust bath. A little farther on I looked over a bush and there were about a dozen young quail less than a

day old with their father. The male saw me immediately and ran along the ground giving a shrill scratched note. The young ones instantly ran or rather crawled into the high grass. I caught them. They were as big as the first joint of my thumb and had very large [illegible]. They hid in little [illegible] the roots of the grass and were very hard to find. When caught they gave a whistled [illegible] They moved by a series of sudden jumps for they could not stand upright.

Young Bobwhite. 1/2

August 29, Friday.

This morning I heard a strange song and following it up saw a male Nashville Warbler in Dockham's poplar. It was very restless and seemed to be flycatching among the limbs. It would hop to the top and then tipped and tumbled down again to the bottom branches. Occasionally

it would sit still on the tip of a branch in the sun. It was a prolific singer. The song in general character reminded me of the fall song of the Song Sparrow being given in much the same tone. It resembled in syllables
chee see chee seet a see-tee seet-see see.
Sometimes the last half was trilled and trembled and it ended in various turns. The song was not very loud but was audible for some distance. The bird flew into some box elders and after hunting there awhile came back to the poplar.

This morning after breakfast Art Purdy and I went over in [illegible] woods. There were a great many vireos here. They were very restless and were hard to identify. Once I followed one for some distance thinking it was a Warbler. Finally it began to sing and I knew for the Yellow-throated. Almost immediately the [illegible] [illegible] in which I was asked to [illegible] [illegible].
We went and sat down by the railroad track. Saw a Black and white Warbler in a tree. It crawled around very close to us. It was a pretty bird.

a yellow-bellied Flycatcher lit on a limb for an instant and was gone ~~He~~ was a gorgeous fellow about as big as a wood pewee. The underparts, ~~also~~ wing-bars and the eye ring were yellow. The upperparts were olive. I did not see it again although I looked all over.

a Tennessee Warbler also lit for an instant and looked at me. It had an ashy crown, a black bill, ~~Indian~~ tail & eye, white underparts and an olive green back It was was very restless and was soon gone.

Bluejays were flying

around calling loudly and a pair of Indigo Buntings scolded from some prickly ash bushes. When we passed there the female trailed along the ground and flew as though just able to move. I hunted for a nest and found one that had been freshly occupied and therefore judged she had young near.

Art picked up a Downy Woodpecker wing feather It was fuscous with 7 white spots on the large web and three on the short It was tipped with white

Went over to the half moon

but saw nothing.
Heard a note like whit
per yer several times. I saw
the bird a number of times
before I could tell what it was
It kept to the tops of the trees
and flew with fluttering
direct flight or else sailed.
at rather long intervals
the note was given. Finally
it lit in plain sight and
I knew it for a crested
flycatcher.
On the way home we saw
a yellow-billed Cuckoo on a
wire fence sunning itself
It did not seemed alarmed
but jerked its head quickly
in many directions and

once in a while pumped
its tail slowly. It finally
in a tree with a rotary
dove like flight and disappeared
Generally a cuckoo is simply
a ghostly voice floating from
some thick leaved tree and
it was a new experience to
view one about 30 feet off.

August 30 Saturday
Tonight after supper I
went down by the river
to set some traps. The
few birds that I saw were
very restless. A Nashville
Warbler chipped from
the top of a tree and sat
on a twig where I had

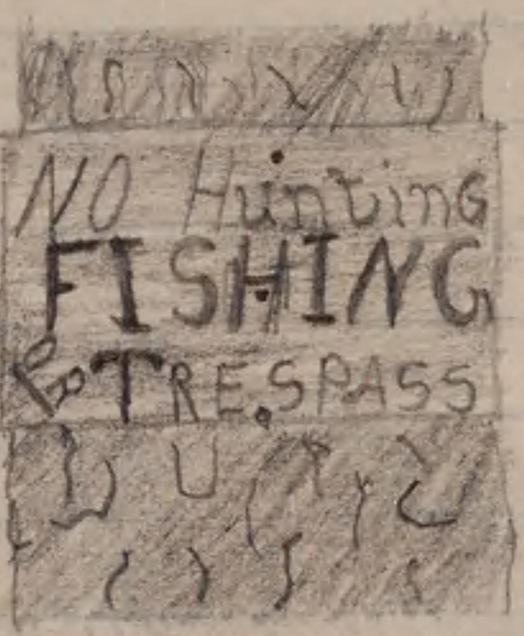
a good view of it. Last fall I saw only one of this species. This year they are very common.
A Waterthrush of the northern species flew up out of Lunalla cornfield and lit in a crab-apple tree. It seemed very tame for a Waterthrush and must have been a young one. I saw it close by several times afterward and once it was so close that I could see the stripes on its breast in the dusk. All of the resident birds had gone to roost but these migrants were restless.

August 31, Sunday.
This morning I went over on the Island. Birds were very thick. I came suddenly on a young male Grosbeak and he flew a few feet in a startled manner. His breast was rosy but the black of his plumage was spotted with brown.
The pasture had been cropped close by sheep. A family party of Wood Pewees occupied some spot near the big grove. It was rather windy and they fed near the ground. I noticed that they nearly always perched

in the shade. The perches used were rather low generally. One indulged in song and another chased it around evidently telling it to keep still.

There was also a pair of Chipping Sparrows with at least one young one and possibly more that they were feeding. The one (or more) kept up a constant seety seety all the time. The old hunted around on the ground and chased each other petulantly through the bushes They were almost constantly in motion while hunting for food.

In one place I came across the following inscription nailed to a dead tree.



It looking rather weather beaten and was not printed well but one could gather what was meant easily enough. The farmer that owns the land probably will never know of my

visit unless the persons or Robins tell him for I will neither catch his fish, steal his butternuts, chase his sheep, or kill the few little red squirrels that live here."
Robins were fairly thick here. I do not see them in town now except as a few fly over in the evening to a roost back of the hill. Here they were feeding on the ground and on elderbushes. They would light in a bush & pick berries by stretching as far as possible. They did not seem quarrelsome for two lit in the same

small bush to feed.
A white-billed Swallow the second I have ever seen flew over about 250 feet up calling chat harshly. I thought it was a Long-billed Marsh wren at first. It flew north out of sight but in about five minutes came back still calling. Perhaps it was hunting for a large marsh.
Saw an immature Magnolia Warbler. The head was bluish gray; under parts yellow; sides and flanks lightly streaked with black or fuscous. Throat lighter that rest of underparts;

two yellowish-white wing bars back darker than head. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of black on its tail. The only note given was a slow but generally given in answer to a Robins or some other birds call. Soon another joined it. They were quite restless bird and seemed to feed near the ground. this may have caused by the wind which would keep the insects down. Finally I lost them.

While hunting for them I saw a Great Blue Heron

coming down stream. I lay down behind a bush and waited for it. The prevailing color in flight was bluish grey with touches of a warm ruddy nature. It evidently saw me for it rose about 10 feet as it passed me and then dropped down to its level of 10 feet above the river. It flew with long sweeping regular strokes and had its neck extended. It acted as though going to light on the big bend but a careful stalk in that direction yielded no results. It

must have risen and gone on to the half Moon. I returned now to my wood Pewees or rather they returned to me for they had followed me to a grove of Black ash trees. They caught their food with a loud snap of the bill. The young ones kept up their soft notes continually.

Two Bluejays flew out of the grove and called loudly at the sight of me. I thought the other birds would be alarmed by them but they were not.

Woodpeckers were well

represented. A yellow-bellied pecked holes in a ~~red~~ maple [illegible] to get at the sap. It was a young one and was silent. Two Flickers wick-a'd at each other in the same tree. One flew when it saw me. A Downy and a Hairy both females pecked the trees and the last named called loudly.

Saw a Red-eyed Vireo eat a few elder berries in the same bush with two Robins. One of these Robins was a young one and it kept up the feeding note as it pecked at the

berries. The young one did not see me until I was close up and then it flew away with a great deal of flutter. Even old ones let me come as close as they do in town while it was on the ground.
Heard the note of a Water Thrush and following it up saw the bird feeding under a thorn apple tree. It flew in front of me for some distance and then circled back giving a long drawn note like ~~tsit~~. It was fairly tame.

This afternoon Art Budy and I started for the Hemlock Bluffs. Saw a Phoebe flying along Ristau's fence. It is the first I have seen for some time.
In Voll's woods Wood Pewees were very thick. I saw one close on the top of a broken off limb. It was about 20 feet up. They hardly ever get that high.
By the spring in Voll's Woods were a great number of Sparrows. Song Sparrows predominated with a sprinkling of

chippies. They were feeding on weed seeds and all flew into the trees. One Chipping Sparrow lit in a very thick little tree. I walked under it and there it was about two feet above my head. It did not see me till I moved and then it flew away much frightened. All had a note like tsut. Saw one adult Song Sparrow that had no tail. It flew across the river and as it had no tail it flew straight with a great fluttering of its small wings.
Along the river were

a number of Goldfinches. The young ones kept up a constant tee hee all the time.
Red-headed Woodpeckers were surprisingly quiet. We only saw two in Wolls pasture. They were both on the same tree and kept still on the shady side.
I heard a young Chippy calling and looked it up. It flew to a log nearby and I reached over and picked it up. It had a tail about two thirds the full length. It pecked at midges and little grasshoppers. It showed no fear at all of me but when my hand opened

it flew a little ways. It scratched its head frequently and I thought at first that it was blind but it was not so. It kept up a continual feeding call. Then it flew across the river and we went on. We saw no old ones at all I judge they have been killed because they feed their young until they are older than this one.

About 40 rods farther on I heard another and looking over the fence into Bill Dyon's pasture I saw two more of exactly the same size as the first.

They kept close together and begged each other for food. once one jumped on the other back and slid off over its header an effort to keep the lead. One was more wary than the other and kept that one alarmed. Finally I slipped my cap over one and picked it up. It lay passive in my hand and let me stroke its head. Then it flew away and went to feeding again. It lay perfectly still while in my hand with out spread wings as though petrified.

At the hemlocks there was

hardly any birds. I heard some young Red-eyed Vireos and a crow and a single Cowbird flew out of the rank growth on the side of the hill. Towards night a flock of about 25 Bobolinks flew over and Nighthawks were common.

Red-headed Woodpeckers were very quiet and kept in the shade as much as possible. Art found a white woodpeckers feather spotted with black near the tip.

The birds began to fly soon after dark. I could hear them calling and lighting in the trees.

September.

September 1, Monday.

This morning the sun shone brightly and gave promise of a good day. Nashville Warblers were flying south when I first got up but they did not begin to light in the trees for some time. They kept up a constant [illegible] all the time. Some Bluejays began to scream and alarmed the sparrows; soon the cause of their alarm in the shape of a

A Cooper's Hawk came sailing by. It had a very long tail and flew a few quick flapping strokes and then sailed after which it repeated the performance. It was like that of the Meadow-lark but lacked the snap of the latter's flight. It lit in the top of a dead by the ravine and I got the spy glass to look at it. It sat there clear of the tip top and kept sharp watch on all sides. I lowered the glass for an instant to adjust it and when I looked again it was gone.

Then I went over by the ditch. Nashville Warblers were feeding in the little box elders and I stopped to watch them. Two kept together all the time. One chased the other all the time.

Heard a queer harsh zee or zee from Fiddis corn-field. At first I thought it was a Meadowlark. I followed it up and saw the bird but was not certain what it was. It flew and I followed it from one place to another. Finally another joined it and I identified them as Song Sparrows!

Suddenly they flew from a perch on the fence into the woods. An instant later the Coopers Hawk swooped past and then circled off disappointedly.

A Wood thrush flew up with a note like the cs given in a harsh sharp tone. I heard the same note afterwards given in flight.

September 5, Thursday.

This morning after breakfast Art Rudy and I went over on the Island. Saw a number of family flocks of goldfinches. The young ones kept begging

for food with rapidly vibrating wings but the old ones paid no attention to them. The youngsters would even light so close to them as to crowd them off the sunflower heads on which they were feeding. They followed the old ones all over and a sharp per-chic-o-ree from one or the other the whole flock would take wing and go to some other feeding ground.

Robins were thicker than they were Sunday and Chipping Sparrows were also more numerous.

both species were very tame and they both fed on the ground. The Chipping were rather silent. Many of them were young ones. They kept bunched in small flocks.

The three kinds of Vireo were present. I saw one male yellow throated that was a beauty. He was low down for a wonder. He had quite a fine song for fall. Occasionally he lit on a dead tree and staid there for time.

We saw one Magnolia

Warbler and a number of Nashville. Redstarts were rather rare.

We heard several Purple Finches and at last I saw two across the river. One was a male and his head looked bright red in the sun. He was very restless and kept constantly moving. At one time I thought he was catching insects but was not sure. The other one kept hid all the time. The first would fly into a tree, work his way to the top and then take another and do the same. Once he lit in a dead one and

staid there looking
around for some. Finally
it flew into a tree that
was half hidden by
another and we did not
see it again.
Maryland Warblers and
Song Sparrows were quite
thick. Saw one young Song
Sparrow that was just
learning to fly. It started
across the river but fell
in and had to flop to
shore.
Farther on we climbed
a tree and sat there.
Robins and Cedar
Waxwings were quite
thick. One Cedar Waxwing

sat in the next tree on a

Cedar Waxwing.

dead limb for some time.
I made a drawing of
it. Then it flew and we
came down.

September 6, Saturday.
Tonight it was rather
cold and chilly. To my
surprise I heard a lively
chittering and looking up

up saw a pair of Chimney Swifts circling and dodging through the trees. They must have some young ones to take care of yet for they seemed vigorous and cheerful and were fully able to undertake the migration. The others left two weeks ago. Saw a single Night hawk circling and sailing southward. It is curious that most of the night-hawks seen in the fall and going south is east. They must migrate some by day.
Along the river I

continually scared up Song Sparrows from the weeds and they flew into the willows, calling tsuf and chimping.
By the ravine in Maun's woods I saw a number of Catbirds and Indigo Buntings. They flew in front and beside me for some distance.
A grayish bird about as big as a crow flew up from a boggy place across the river and went silently down stream. It had black markings around the head.
I knew it for a Black-

crowned Night Heron. the first I had ever seen. The flight was flapping and at a fair rate of speed as that of all Herons is. Jean Bammel said that he had seen it for several nights. He scared it up on this side among the brush piles.

September 18, Thursday

This morning it was rather cloudy but the sun shone occasionally. The Robins were very thick as usual. They roost in the maple trees and are very tame. Some of them have lost the neck feathers

by moulting and have a very queer look. They are not very noisy but move around considerably. They are rather pugnacious. I saw some eating crab apples in Miss Gattiker's yard. In Hoogs yard they bathe and drink in the pan. (Baraboo)

There were also a number of Bronzed Grackles around. there is a flock of about 35 and as far as I can tell they are all males. They seem to keep in a certain territory. There were a number feeding on sweet corn with several

Bluejays. They are tame but when one flies all go generally. They drink but I have not seen them bathe as the Robins and Bluejays do.
Saw about eight Olive backed thrushes which had come in the night. They were rather wild and it was hard to get a fair sight of them.
Heard one or two Myrtle Warblers the first of the year. Some mornings Birds are very abundant and on others hardly a one can be seen.

September 20, Saturday.
This Morning Jacques Pfannstiehl and I went out to Devils Lake to stay a day at their cottage. Every thing was beautiful. There was a bank of fog that hung about 100 feet above the surface of the lake and obscured the tops of the bluff. Heard a new Bluejay note at Kirkland, a harsh rattle with a sudden metallic turn at the end like
Kr-r-r-r-tink. Bluejays were very thick and could be heard calling in all directions. Saw one or two Kingfishers while crossing

the lake in a boat. As soon as we had put the things in Pfannstuhls cottage we went hunting. Over back of Missingers we saw a snake Black-throated Blue Warbler. It acted like a Redstart and I thought was one at first. It soon disappeared and we went on. Two Red-tailed Hawks sailed out of the woods ahead and circled away. The woods were full of Olive-backed Thrushes. I looked at every one I saw trying to find one with grayish lores. They were very hard to get a good look at as after a

moments pause they would fly on before I could get close enough for a good view. Once or twice I heard their call note.

Field Sparrows were also quite thick. Their only note was a faint tsu. I had not seen any for some time.

There were a few White-throated Sparrows and Purple Finches around but they were rather more retiring than otherwise.

Olive-backed Thrushes flew up from the ground near every little clump of trees and I saw one Hermit.

my first specimen. It flew up and lit and then went on. I was much surprised to meet this bird as the locality was dry and brushy.
Saw a number of Catbirds and heard many more. A very few crows were heard.
Along the beach were numbers of Sandpiper tracks. and Kingfishers flew back and forth using the rocks for perches. The Bluejays hunted along the beach also and were frequently seen perched on the rocks.

At night I heard occasional bird notes, and a Great Horned Owl hooted nearly all night. It came up close to the cottage several times.
September 21, Sunday.
This morning when I first got up I went after a pan of water. I had just reached the pier when an immature Chestnut-sided Warbler lit by the water's edge to take a bath. It seemed rather afraid of the little waves but stepped in only to be thoroughly drenched by a wave about four inches high. This

frightened it so that it would not go in again but kept popping along the shore looking wishfully at the water. Then it flew into some bushes and I followed it along for a short distance. There was another bird with which I think was one of the same species but I could not get a good look at it. The first was a young male. The underparts were white; with a reddish streak on the flanks; the head was greenish yellow streaked obscurely with dusky; wings and tail black; two white patches

on outer tail feathers and two white wingbars. The note it gave was an indefinite [illegible] different from that of the Nashville Warbler. It kept in the bushes for a ways but kept working higher all the time until it flew into the lower branches of an oak and I was unable to find it again.

Heard a Yellow-throated Vireo give a hollow trilling note entirely different from anything I had ever heard it give.

When we were going over to Kirkland we saw three or four Spotted Sandpipers. They flew for rather long distances for

them but this was accounted
for by the distance apart
of suitable feeding grounds.
At Kirtland about fifteen
Bluebirds were sitting around
in the trees. Jacques did
not know what they were
at first.
There was a tame crow
here named Pat that he used
to own. It would eat out
of any ones hand and would
keep just out of reach if
you tried to catch it. Other-
wise it would come very
close. It could say "hello"
very distinctly. It was
in full plumage.

This afternoon at home
I went over to the Half
Moon. In F. Hacketts woods
Redstarts were quite thick.
They were very restless
and hard to see. They
flew from one part of the
woods to the other continually.
Olive-backed Thrushes were
fairly numerous and I saw
a flock of about 50 Purple
Finches in the farther side
near the track. They were
feeding on the ground and
in the trees and contained
red and yellow ones. The
yellow ones were females & young
When I had reached the
Half Moon it began to rain

birds were consequently rather quiet.

A Great Horned Owl Hooted from a tree by the edge of the Half Moon but I did not look it up then for I was watching a mink which was working towards me. By the time I had started to look it up it had flown across the river where I could hear it for some time. It shifted its position continually and kept hooting at short intervals.

Robins seemed rather alarmed to hear it.

September 22, Monday.

This morning there were a number of Robins in Hoags yard. They were bathing by turns in a pan about fifteen feet from where I was sitting. The first one to come puffed its breast feathers out as far as possible and jumped and splashed across. It did this several times and then went off. The next seemed afraid to go in and kept sidling along the edge. Another came up and jumped in. They cracked their bills sharply but

did not fight. Then the timid one went in and after a few more sharp cracks the other left. a male came but was promptly chased away. They got so much water in their wing feathers that it was hard for them to start to fly.

September 28, Sunday.
The second I shot a Coopers Hawk over by the Half Moon. I heard it scream tee-hu and then saw on the stub of a limb. The bullet went in just above the wing bone. The bird

was disabled but not much hurt. I carried its home on the end of my gun. It watched me fiercely all the way with wings raised as if to strike and open mouth. Occassionally it would try to fly but was only able to go a few feet. It did not try to use its beak for defence but struck at any threatening object with its feet. Its grasp was very tenacious. I put it in the cow stable and gave it Sparrows and water. It ate on an average 2 Sparrows a day. I generally gave it

four or five at a time and
it would seize one and
eat most of it and then
seize another. After holding
it a minute its grasp
would slowly relax and
it would drop watching
it keenly after it hit. It would
do this until all were gone.
As long as I was in sight
it watched me with open
beak and one wing raised
threateningly. After I had
gone out it would watch
the door for 10 or 15 minutes
slowly closing its beak with
a series of almost impercept-
ible jerks. Then it would
watch other things.

The cry of a Bluejay seemed
to alarm it and on hearing
it, it would dash wildly
at the window and after
hanging there a minute
fly back to its perch.
During its captivity it
made no sound whatever.
The excreta collected around
its perch had a very
strong smell.
This afternoon I took it
down in Burnets Woods
and let it go. Burnet has
bought M. Maines farm.
Its wing was healed up
and it could fly fairly
well. In about 15 minutes it
had disappeared.

October.

October 5, Sunday.
This morning before breakfast I went down in Burnetts Woods.
White-throated Sparrows were very thick. They fed in a patch of weeds and were especially thick around brush piles and clumps of bushes. They were quite noisy and were rather pugnacious. They sang quite a good deal with varying results, good or bad. One that I heard I mistook for some one

whistling "Good morning Carrie, how are you this morning." It had the tune exactly. Others probably adults gave the song perfectly. There were a few Song Sparrows with them who gave the intricate warbling fall song that was apparently without beginning or end. Occasionally one gave a good clear song that stood out strongly from the undercurrent of bird notes and songs which came from all sides. I should like to hear a White-throat finish its song once. By

the tone they always start in the middle and stop before they get to the end. Maybe the reason that the song is so sad is that the bird is sorry because it cannot finish it. Now when I started I thought as I sat down by a cornshock away from the sun that I did not have much to say about White-throats but now I see I am mistaken.

Myrtle Warblers and Rubycrowned Kinglets were also here. One of the latter kept up a constant sippling warble all the time. It was not much like the mating

song.

Up by Vails I heard a Meadowlark and going up there saw the singer on a wire of a fence, rather an unusual location I according to my experience and two more in a tree. As I approached They flew out and one took to chasing the other. Every turn was followed as though it had all been planned out before hand. After a few turns it stopped but the other happening to pass to close over the chase was taken up again. Then they separated and

the pursued went off.
The Sparrows lighting in
a field after it had been
found by the singers.
A flock of Prairie Horned
Larks flew over accompanied
by two American Pipits.
Bluebirds also were flying
some calling turwee and
others singing each
according to its temperament
probably; one saying it
was fall and another
spring.

After Breakfast I went
over in Tim Hacketts
sheep pasture. Just as
I entered the first grove

a wave of migrants
seemed to pass through
towards the south. There
were Golden and Ruby
crowned Kinglets and
Myrtle Warblers. The
woods were silent one
minute and the next
were full of tiny flitting
forms. They seemed in a
hurry to be going. It was
cloudy and this may
account for it as enemies
would not be so liable to
see them. The Kinglets gave
a tsit note on the wings.
They fought with each other
with loudly snapping
bills but as far as I (?)

would see without much
damage to each other.
Those that fought however
seemed to keep always
together. They were very
tame and allowed me
to approach closely. The Kinglets
especially would work up
until they were right beside
of me. This grove was
deserted for a clump of
scattering ash trees and
thornapples to which I
followed them. I was attracted
back to the first grove by the
cawing of crow and
endeavored to get a close view
but was seen first as
usually happens and

had only the pleasure of
seeing a fleeting black form
through the limbs of the
trees as the Crow flew off
calling derisively. But my
trouble was repaid after
all for another wave came
through the trees this time
with more variety as to
species. A few Juncoes came
straggling along in the rear
of the flock. They kept high up
in the trees, a thing for
which I was not looking.
They all seemed to be males
at least all that I looked at
were. A Bluejay screamed
harshly as a signal that
a Hawk was coming. I
think it must have been

trying to frighten the other birds for I could not see one anywhere. a bird back of me in the bushes gave a low chuck and turning around I saw a Hermit Thrush, My second one. The tail was distinctly brighter than the back and for once a strange bird gave me a good sight of it from all sides. Generally it is easy enough to get the breast with its markings but the back is an entirely different matter. Now for some Sparrows, and in fact nearly all a front view is almost always necessary

but the provoking things always watch me over their shoulders and nearly always I am afraid to try to work around for fear they will fly. But to return to my Hermit; He was very complaisant in showing his colors. He sat on one perch but as soon as he was noticed flew to another behind a tree out of sight. I followed him however got another good look and heard it give the alarm note before it disappeared to be seen no more.

Then I went across the bridge into Tim Hacketts woods

Heard a Purple Finch sing here. It was a very sweet rippling song reminding me somewhat of the Ruby-crowned Kinglets I heard [illegible] over in the pasture. I had some difficulty in locating it but finally saw it in a basswood where it resembled the bunches of dry leaves hanging around it. It did not seem to mind my presence much but kept on singing. It would preen its feathers and then sing.

The day was warm with slight dashes of rain so that birds were

moving late. A day like this seems a better one for observation than a warm sunny one. On sunny days the birds soon settle down to feeding generally in a restricted area and are as a rule more silent.

October 19, Sunday.

This morning the sun shone in a halfhearted manner from under a thin veil of fleecy clouds occasionally finding a rent and for a moment shining with good strong rays on the earth below. A rather cool northwest wind was blowing.

I started for a walk intending to stay all the forenoon and to read at the Hemlock Bluffs. I Fiske's pasture three Meadowlark flew up from a sheltered windy shale and flew without a sound to a big oak. A cloud of dead leaves torn off by the wind came out towards like messengers to welcome them. Four others flew out of a similar situation and joined them. One tried to light in a bunch of leaves but failed and turning sit on a fence post.

By the edge of Brunell's pasture were a number of Juncoes and a few Purple Finches.

The Finches of course were singing and the Juncoes fought with them but without advantage to either side.

Heard a Red-bellied Woodpecker and tried to watch it but did not succeed very well. It was in a tree and hitched up higher giving the notes which had called my attention to it. It looked at me rather suspiciously I thought and finally flew off to some other woods.

I sat down by the big maple to try my notes. A Hairy Woodpecker lit above. He hit the tree a number of times with his beak and it sounded

the cracking of ice when it is first tried because my ear was close up to the trunk.

A single Rusty Blackbird flew over singing and calling. The song rippled along smoothly for a few notes and then ended in a sudden bubbling outburst of music that ended as abruptly as it had begun.

By the creek I scared up a Sparrow which lit on a bush just across from me. It had all the markings of a Tree Sparrow but I wanted to see the spot on its breast as it might have been some other kind. But this the bird positively

would not allow me to do. It dodged around and hid in a tangle of honeysuckle so that I could not see it. Then it went in a brushpile where it was joined by another of the same species. I tried to work around so as to see them there but they flew into a willow some distance off where at last I got the view I wished and identified them as Tree Sparrows. They called to each other all the time and each call was answered.

By the river I saw a Song Sparrow in a thick tangle of brush. I stood directly above it and watched. It

seem to realize my presence as is often the case with birds and animals as long as they don't see ~~one~~ move. It hopped around feeding and kept no watch about it all as it was protected by bushes. It was very restless and kept hopping around in a restricted area. A mink came swimming along as it sat on a willow twig two or three inches above the water. The Sparrow paid no attention to it until it was nearly under it when it took a perch about a foot higher. The mink looked up with longing eyes but

did not try to capture it. Both were utterly oblivious of my presence. A White throated Sparrow last week followed a mink along for some distance calling excitedly. Perhaps he had had some experience with such beasts in his northern home. But to return to my Song Sparrow. I squeaked to it but it did not seem much alarmed.

Went on over into Seeley's marsh. Sparrows were fairly abundant. Saw a few with Song Sparrows that I did not recognize at first as I got only a glimpse of them but soon knew

them as Swamp Sparrows. They were smaller and lighter colored. They were feeding on stick tights and other seeds found abundantly in the marsh. The birds here seemed rather wild.
Saw several more Tree Sparrows. These were much wilder than the first ones.
On Fullmers corn field were a number of Bluejays gathering corn. They ~~flew~~ down and hammered it off as it lay, already husked in piles. They flew off and hid it near the Hemlocks most generally. I sneaked up and hid behind some thistles. They seemed

to pass some piles by for others and frequently one would go to two or three before taking any corn. They were quiet generally but occasionally one would become alarmed at something and scream loudly.
A Red-billed Woodpecker joined ~~them~~. He was very shy and only made two trips before he saw me. I did not see him on the ground at all. He flew up to a tree with the kernels and pounded them into the bark trying several spots each time before finally driving it home. He was manifestly ill at ease

and kept sering around the trunk at me as I crouched half hidden behind the thistles. My legs became to cramp and I shifted my position slightly. At this he flew away calling excitedly and would not come back.

I hid in a corn shock to watch the jays but one saw me just before it lit and they all kept on the farther side.

In a plowed field nearby I could hear a number of Prairie Horned Larks. I came slowly upwind in their direction. I expected to find them on a sheltered south slope but in

reality they were out on the windswept flat. They were very tame and kept flying just a few feet off before I could distinguish them from the ground. They always turned their backs as I approached and so were near indistinguishable from the dirt. I identified about 6 Horned Larks but about 40 of the same Prairie species. They all had about the same habits. If any others flew around the others watched them closely and at times crouched as though to join them. They were widely spread though generally one or two or more fed

close together. They called and sang continuously. The young had a broken song somewhat different from that of the adults.
They were accompanied by one American Pipit. It looked quite sparrowlike when I first saw it. It fed just about the same as the Larks but seemed a trifle more upright in carriage. It soon flew and mingled with the others so that I lost it and I left them.
Went on over to the Hemlocks. Saw a crow walking around in the cornfield where I had watched the jays. It was picking off corn and

eating it. It walked from one pile to another and coming to a rough place flew over it with a single flap of its wings. In the woods were some White-throated Sparrows the first I have seen this week. They were singing some.
The cave was full of junco tracks and those of other sparrows. They had probably come there for sand to aid in digestion. I wonder when they go there. I have never seen any birds in there except the Phoebes which nest there in the summer time.

October 20, Monday,
This morning about 10:30 I went over towards the Fair grounds. It was warm and pleasant. As I started two Redbreasted Nuthatches lit on the top of a Norway Spruce in Miss Gattiker's yard and ran about as though looking for something to fight in the regular Nuthatch manner. They chased each other around calling harshly ratch ratch. One flew out and fought an English Sparrow that happened to be passing upon no provocation whatever.

Juncoes were very thick in the thickets. On every side I could hear their subdued trills which occasionally broke all restraint and bubbled out in rippling warbles that reminded me of Spring with its myriad tinkling brooklets. Their soft greyish dress blended appropriately with the dark background of shrubs, and their songs were blent mingled with the subdued rattle of dry leaves on the branches in such a manner as to make an agreeable small sound very pleasing to the ear. They were

quite tame but did not like to have me watch them on the ground if I was too close. I managed to watch two though only a short distance away. One only was in plain sight; the other kept well hid among the weeds. The were feeding lamb quarter and other seeds which had fallen to the ground. When they got to close there was always a low fusillade of chirring notes until they had gone farther apart. They seemed heedless of me as long as I stood still. They fed in a hurried manner picking a morsel here and

another there without taking all in sight as they do in winter. One farther one lit on a rail fence about 20 feet away and then went to the ground where it was covered with grass. The others all seemed to prefer a cover of weeds and bushes. It seemed to find something to eat on the dead leaves which were lying about. They were continually flying around from one cover to another. The weed grown field * where I had watched the first two seemed to be a favorite place.

October 25 Saturday.
This morning Art Rudy and I went down in the fields. It was cloudy with a chilly east wind. It had rained in the night.
In Durvall's cornfield was 6 or 7 Bluejays getting corn. We saw one on a corn shock and watched it. It would reach out so far that it would nearly overbalance, get a raindrop and recover itself with a stroke of its wings. They all left when we went through. They were very conspicuous as they flew about in the open. They seemed to light in the small

trees along the river and then go across. Though one flew off towards town screaming loudly to alarm the others.

November

Nov. 2 3. Sunday.
This morning it was clear and frosty. The wind was from the Southwest and was rather chilly. Birds were rather scarce. Saw one Bluejay in Vail's cornfield. My attention was attracted to it by its harsh calls and it flew from from one cornshock to another.

Several times I heard a single Purple Finch flying over but could not find it. finally it lit in tree in front of me. It called some and hopped around in the usual fashion of the species. I moved closer and it flew across the river. Saw two Bluejays near where it lit. They were feeding on the ground.
Heard three or four Evening grosbeaks flying over but failed to see them.
Saw a mink eating some bird. a Junco I think. It dove when it saw me. when it came up it shook itself and went to eating again.

Saw a flock of Bobwhites in a brushpile sunning themselves. I came towards them as slowly as possible. When I was about 30 feet off one, a male dashed off like a race horse and keeping itself under cover as much as possible made for another brush heap. It was followed by another and as I approached closer the whole flock of about 15 flew out and went across the river.
I got 5 birds nests; a Song Sparrows, Redstarts, Catbirds, goldfinches and a Cedar Waxwing. Several I could not get.

November 30, Saturday.
Last night I came up here to Sullivans and this morning a little after five Bernie and I started out deer hunting. There was was about 3 inches of snow on the ground and more fell continually. Birds seemed to be rather scarce. Twice during the forenoon did parties of Chickadees come through the woods. They were very restless and seemed ill at ease. They were very tame and gathered around me questionally as though wondering what I was. They came so close that I almost looked for them to light on me. The beautiful soft tints of the feathers could be seen to

good advantage and the yellow on the flank was quite marked. In both cases they did not stay long but hurried away in an easterly direction.
Ruffed Grouse were very abundant. Their tracks crossed the snow in all directions. In some places where two came close to each other wings would show where the male had strutted for a few feet with dragging wings probably for the edification of a hen.
They flew up in front of us in flocks of three or four generally and went above the tops of the trees for a ways and then soared down.

This high flight struck me as rather peculiar.
Their tracks ran along logs as though they delighted to walk them.
The only other birds seen all day were two Bluejays who gave a warning call to two deer which lay in a thicket. We stopped dead still but they went out on the other side.
There are a few English Sparrows around. They stay in barn and are hard to approach as they have been shot at. When scared up they generally fly over to the next farm.

December.

December, 7, Sunday.
This morning it was dull and cloudy with a rather brisk west wind. The ground was covered with nearly a foot of snow and in the woods it was kneedeep. I went down through the swimming hole woods. Saw where the Quails had been feeding in a cornfield. The tracks led into the woods. The thickets of hazel and prickly ash were bent down and formed little covered bowers under which the tracks were very thick. In one place I saw the large Snowshoe tracks

of a Bluejay where it had hopped along the snow for a few feet. I could not see what it had found to eat but something must have called it down.

Farther down across from the Plum orchard in the hackberry woods I heard a loud continuous tapping but could not locate it at first but after a good deal of watching saw a female Hairy Woodpecker out on a limb in plain sight. I was beginning to think I had lost my eyesight. It kept up a call all the time but had a very weak voice.

There were also two pairs

of white-breasted Nuthatches here. They also were hard to locate and were not so noisy as is usual. They kept up a low conversational note all the time however. There was only about 2/3 of the tree trunks that they could look at as the rest was covered with snow. I watched one getting larva of some sort from the bark of a Hackberry and then tried to find one myself but of course failed. They must have very good sight. I think that they prospect with their bills and thus help find them as they could thrust through the bark into the home of the grub.

The birds in a pair always kept near one another.

December 25, Thursday
This morning I started out to take a bird census. It was cold and windy and was altogether a very poor day. However I secured ten species and 66 individuals.
Bobwhite 10
Ruffed Grouse 1
Hairy Woodpecker 1
Downy Woodpecker 1
Bluejay 1
Pine Siskin 38
Tree Sparrow 5
Junco 3
White-breasted Nuthatch 4

Chickadee 2
The Downy Woodpecker was very tame. It let me come up to four feet of it before it flew. The biting cold seemed to take the sense of fear out of all birds.
December 29, Monday
This morning I went down to the Hemlock Bluffs. It was warm and sunny. My first bird was Bluejay across from the Plum Orchard. I was walking on the ice with my head down, thinking when I heard a slight noise and looking up saw it pecking at a bunch of leaves. Until I raised my head it paid no more attention to me than it

would to a cow or sheep
though only about fifteen
feet away. But with that quick
movement it recognised my
true character and flew
hurriedly into a farther
tree.

I saw no more birds until I
reached the Hemlocks. I came
up to the rail fence I heard
a Purple Finch and there
was a flock of about 35 of
them. I seated myself on
the fence and they all came
into the trees around
to have a look at me.
They seemed to be full of
curiosity but it was
soon satisfied and they

disappeared over the edge
of the rocks by ones and
twos. They lit close to me
and were not afraid while
I sat still but when I moved
they flew off only to return
the minute my back was
turned. I cannot imagine
why they are here. Never before
have I seen them in winter.
They stayed very late though
the last fall one being seen
December one and one was
seen November thirty
Some Bluejays began to call
and they all began to
stream back over the rocks
calling softly. Nothing of
interest seemed to be
doing however for they

all went back in a minute or two. It was a pleasing sight to see these bright cherry birds against the white snow. They seemed as much out of place as a Warbler would in the same place. The sight of them gave me an indefinite feeling that something was lacking. I long for the cool, breezy delightful April days when on every hand I hear the tinkle of innumerable brooks all going on, on. Where will they stop? Why do they always flow onward? Why does the thought of them make me feel a longing to be up and away! Seeing

strange lands and stranger birds? But I must awake from my revery. It is midwinter and the sun is approaching noon. Queer thoughts for a boy of 16 when the snow is a foot deep.

I followed Hemlock Creek up to Phoebe Rocks and then went over the hill through Wink's clearing, dotted with innumerable fox tracks to the Road and across that. Here I saw six or eight Chicadees, tame little fellows feeding on grubs from the ironwood trees. In places the ground is fairly covered

with the yellow husks which they have dropped. One found a dried up spruce but lost its grip on it and dropped it. It got it but I, in trying to see how close I could get made it lose it again. I remained quiet and it lit in the snow but flew without it when it saw me. It did not come near while I remained but I do not doubt that as soon as I was out of sight it got it again. They held the seeds firmly between both feet and hammered at them until they were broken.

A Downy Woodpecker was hunting through Weinlen

clearing. It seemed out of place in the open hunting on Mullein stalks and Oak bushes three or four feet high. I followed closely until it became alarmed and flew to the trees.

Crossed the road & went down in an offshoot of Hawk Creek. Heard a thin high note repeated excitedly from a clump of Pines above me and recognized it as coming from a Red-breasted Nuthatch. I thought from the sound that it had found an Owl. As I approached the note ceased and I could find neither Nuthatch nor Owl in the thick dark Pines.

December 30, Tuesday.
Today I was over by the mouth of the slough. A small bird flew out of a willow brush into a large tree from whence no amount of sticks could scare it. It was a Screech Owl in the Red Phase. It sat there looking around not seeming in the least bit afraid. I threw a stick up to within six inches of it but it only looked at me. Finally it flew from one tree to another, across the river and then over towards fourth Slough. Once it lit about a foot above my head.

1903.

January

January 11, Sunday.
I think ~~that~~ at least one Chicadee lives in Mrs Russels Norway Spruces. Every time I go out to the barn I am greeted with a <u>siety</u> siety and if I watch long enough am sure to see a flutter of wing against the dark needles. It comes over to the little elm in the back yard for suet and sunflower seeds and

also gets sunflower seeds from back of the barn. Frequently it comes to the elm while I am pumping water but never goes down to eat until I am through. While waiting it sits up in the tree and calls. It has a good place for the pines are thick and will shield it from winds and as long as it can get food it will not freeze.

January 13, Tuesday.
This morning in Baraboo as I was coming from breakfast I heard a Bluejay screaming in Langdon's yard. I thought that

perhaps it might have found an Owl but have been fooled so many times this winter that I was undecided whether to go or not. Finally I went over and saw three or four jays in the top of a little spruce. I could find no Owl but as I turned to go away about a dozen jays came out one after another. I think that they were roosting there for they immediately became quiet. They must be late risers for it was eight o'clock but then it was cold. I have noticed in the woods that no birds are out early in the morning

Heard the spring note
"whery-ery-ery-ery-ery."
this morning of Sitta carolinensis
It will soon be spring.
I am getting the spring
fever already and school
seems like poison. This song
has made it worse than
ever.

February.

Feb. 1, Sunday.
This morning it was
warm and sunny. I
put out fresh sunflower
seeds and suet for the
chicadees. They came

thicker than ever. There
were about half a dozen
of them. Went down in
the fields as breakfast was
not ready. The ground
was almost bare of snow
and the south hills loomed
up with startling clearness.
Not many birds were
out but I almost looked
for a Meadowlark or
Bluebird. I saw my
first migrants however
for a few Prairie Horned
Lark flew over calling
sweetly. An early start
for my migration
list.

after Breakfast Father and I drove out in the country Past Jack Dickie's to Forteins and Rhody's and home by the mines. The roads very bad and we took short cuts through the fields and woods for miles. The warm weather has started the woodpecker's and I could hear the drum of Downy and the rattle and loud love-notes of the Hairy. In going through a wood road three or four Crows flew up singly and lit in the trees to flirt their

tails and peer at us to see whether or not we were dangerous. In the same place some White-breasted Nuthatches were singing. At Forteins were a few English Sparrows. I sat in the sun out back of Rhody's barn and watched the birds. A Bluejay screamed in the distance and in answer to my whistle, came nearer until I could see it. Then a Hairy Woodpecker attracted my attention and I watched until it passed out of sight. It flew from one tree to

another and I thought it was was going to drum but it did not.

In going up a hill in a field at 7 o'clock of about 100 Pine Siskins flew up ahead from the weeds and lit in the trees of a brushy pasture. They had a great deal to say and very restless but did not sing.

February 8, Sunday.
This morning the Chicadees were very noisy. I tried to get them to eat out of my hand but they were not quite brave enough. One would come down to the

suet within a foot of my head but they never dared to light on my hand. One made continual swoops at it barely missing it each time [illegible] they went on the ground at my feet. One had lost its tail in some way. After a little they wandered away but a whistled Phoe-be always brought them back. Other visitors were a white-breasted Nuthatch, a Hairy Woodpecker and a Bluejay. A seed was held in one foot to be cracked. They scolded me a good deal.

February 10, Tuesday -
This morning I heard
a loud rattling drum
over by Stanleys and saw
a female Hairy Woodpecker
drumming. This struck
as queer because I thought
that the males did the
drumming. It would drum
and then look around and
listen. People going by
did not frighten it in
the least. The drum was
about 15 strokes giving
very fast. The bill was
held about half an inch
from the bark for an
instant before drumming.
Perhaps it was a male without the red
patch.

February 16, Monday.
Jacques Pfannstiehl told me
that in going to Portage
Saturday the fourteenth
he had seen three Mourning
Doves and a Red-tailed Hawk.
The Hawk might be a migrant
but I think that the Doves
must have stayed all winter.
Bob Clark was telling me
about a hill called Coon Bluff
east of Baraboo which
was covered with small
cacti. These region will
probably be a good place
to explore next summer
and will probably yield
new forms being most likely
in a different life region than here.

Feb. 22, Sunday.
This morning about 9 oclock Art Riddy and I went over to the Hemlock Bluffs. We chased up two Bluejays in Volls and found them again in Cyon's Woods They were hunting for acorns and were silent. At the Hemlocks we saw a number of Chicadees. They sang and chased each other around through the trees. They came very close and seemed to be affected joyously by the warm sun. We saw one Downy Woodpecker. In one place under a rock was a little round Hole in the snow

in which a Partridge had roosted. It had been feeding on birch buds. It was rather a dangerous bed as a weasel had its den a feet up the rocks.

We started for Winkes' Bluff. In the ravine below Winkes Barn a large bird flew up with something heavy in its claws which hindered its flight. It lit on a log and we stalked towards it behind the shelter of a little hill. I identified it for a goshawk my first specimen. It reminded me of a Coopers Hawk but was not so brown in color and was a shade larger.

It had caught what I could see was a dove and stood on the log tearing it with its bill. It did not hover over its food as Red-tails do. It seemed uneasy and flew up on to the fence a few rods from the house, where it watched us without eating for a few minutes holding the dove in its claws. The Dove was nearly as big as it was. Finally it flew ~~off~~ out of side towards the Orchard but in half hour hunt we could not find it again. It ~~did~~ did not seemed afraid as it was eating the Dove within ten rods of the barn

where it had caught it. It did not seem to eat on the bare ground but to always light on a log.

Febuary 23, Monday.
Tonight after school it was warm and sunny and I went over to the thickets by the Fair grounds. Going over and back the only birds I saw were ~~3~~ or 4 Chickadees in some dark bushes. They were feeding on the ground but came up into the bushes with little questioning notes as I came by. They soon went to feeding again however and I went on.

March

March 2, Monday.
This morning as I came out of Hoags door I heard a woodpecker drum and started to hunt it up. It was a Downy. He was drumming on a board fastened to a tree. He changed the pitch of his drum by moving his position slightly. The drum was 6 or 8 notes not as continuous as those of the Hairy. Sometimes he flew to a bird box and then to a dry limb and drummed he flew with a curious flitting flight as though wishing to attract attention.

March 7, Saturday.
This morning Art Rudy and I went down in the fields. Prairie Horned Larks were very thick all through the bottoms. The males sang and fought among themselves vigorously.
Heard a flock of Rusty Blackbirds and finally saw them high in the air. There were 58 of them. They flew a trifle east of north.
A Hairy Woodpecker drummed for a while and then I heard the spring note of a Red-bellied Woodpecker.
Numbers of Crows and Bluejays were flying around.

March 8, Sunday.
This morning after breakfast I went over to the Hembacks. Prairie Horned Lark were spread all over and were in full song. They seemed to prefer a pasture covered with short grass which is not brushy. [illegible] I did not find them where there were any number of trees. The males sang from the fence posts and little hillocks and fights were of frequent occurrence. This fights did not amount to much however for one would chase the other for half a mile or more and then the matter was dropped along with the birds. Probably this chasing was as

much play as any thing else. They twisted and turned and dodged whirling about now fifty feet in the air and now barely missing the short grass. They generally flew in large circles and sometimes alit near where they started. Frequently others joined in the chase and it was exciting to see them anticipate every turn of the pursued while going at full speed. I do not think that many of the females have arrived yet.

Was sitting down on the railroad track when I heard a queer bird note from a hedgerow beyond Fullmers.

It was repeated twice and I was just going over there to see what it was when a Bluejay flew over there from Dalton Marsh and lighting on a tree gave the same note so the mystery was solved as I do not think that any other bird around here would have given it so that the jay would mock it. It was a grunting note repeated half a dozen times and reminded me slightly of a Woodchuck.

Across the Railroad Bridge was a pair of Bluejays that I watched for some time. They were very sly and hunted along brushy

fences and through thorn apples occasionally finding something to eat and holding it under one foot while they picked it to pieces. I think from their actions that they were mated as they always kept together.

Another one was pestering an English Sparrow that had strayed out there. It would fly under the Sparrow just missing it and the Sparrow chase it a short distance but was not able to follow it far because it twisted so. The jay kept it crest raised and looked the very picture mischief. It came

back again and again and varied this by swooping suddenly out at the Sparrows with setting wings like a Hawk and scaring the small into an attempt at hiding among the branches.

Others were mating and chased the females incessantly. They went in bunches of six or eight and as soon as the females lit the males began to call and come close to them to be driven away with open bills and then the females would take refuge in flight again closely pursued by the screaming males.

As I was watching the

pair of Bluejays through the glass a Red-tailed Hawk suddenly sailed in the field of vision. The Jays were forgotten and I followed it as it rose in great circles. It was above the woods near Rock Cut. Suddenly when it had reached an altitude of about four hundred feet it lifted its wings straight and dropped straight as a stone into the woods below without even checking its great speed as it neared the ground. It must have seen something below it to eat and took this means of getting it. If its speed seemed great a distance

of a quarter of a mile it must have been enormous nearby. As it started to drop a Bluejay whistled the ~~single~~ alarm note, Pink Putter and every bird within sight instantly froze.

Here by the bridge I heard my first Bluebirds. Altogether I saw and heard about a dozen. They were all on the wing and gave both fall-note and song.

Occasionally ~~during~~ during the forenoon flocks of Evening Grosbeaks passed over high up going due north. They were very noisy but were hard to locate.

Saw a single Rusty Blackbird flying over so high that I could just barely see it. It is hard to find birds that are at any height in the air as the eye ~~is~~ is not easily focussed for them.

Crows were thick. They sat around in the trees calling or flew across the sky singly or in pairs. One flew up towards me from Dahlke's marsh and lit about ten rods off. It lifted its wings suspiciously and finally flew off. When they called on the wing they sailed while giving some notes. One sailed with set wings from Weinke's hill to the Hemlocks in

a long slant. The wings were held half open and the tips were held ~~slightly~~ higher than the back. Six or eight on the hill greeted every shot of a man hunting with loud caws.

Saw several flocks of Pine Siskins. They were very restless and did not light for long in one place.

Below the Cabin a Hairy Woodpecker was trying to win a mate. They ~~would~~ sit close together, she apparently asleep after a while she would look at him and he would hitch up and down calling Ke'Kee loudly

and bowing jerkily and she would respond. He always kept his raised and moved it from side to show his moustache probably and occasionally tapped on the tree at the end of each bow. He would come closer and then she would fly to another tree calling Kil le Kil le Kil le or Ke Ke Ke Ke and he would follow her. Then would follow another period of rest. Another female nearby ~~did~~ not seem to notice these but kept on feeding yet she was always close by and was probably feigning indifference. If the male flew first the

female immediately followed him. They showed no fear but a movement on my part generally started the male gesticulating. Their wings purred loudly in flight.

The Bluejays here mocked a Red tailed Hawk for the first time to my knowledge this winter. Perhaps they were publishing the arrival of the one I saw. Or maybe the sight of it started old memories of its call.

Near Lily Creek I saw a flock of about fifty Goldfinches on the wing. They must have been migrants.

March 13, Friday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in Bowell's Woods.

Tree Sparrows were quite thick in the Brushpiles. They like to feed with the Juncoes on little slopes. As they flew up in front of me I noticed a few with rust about them in flight and suspected Song Sparrow but they skulked so that I could not get the glass on one. At last I surprised a chump from a brush-pile and was satisfied. Later I heard them singing.

March 15, Sunday.
This morning after breakfast it was cold and cloudy with an east wind. Started for the Hemlocks. In the Old Pasture (Rommel's, Maine's etc.) I saw a few Tree Sparrows. They skulked in the grass for a while and then flew up in the trees. Before I left they all straggled along over me to the Brushpiles in the east end calling as they went.
One or two Red-winged Blackbirds flew over calling and I heard several Bluebirds which I was unable to locate. By the Alder Swamp I

heard a Prairie Horned Lark singing and looked it up to make sure of its indentity. It flew off out of sight to the west but soon 2 other came chasing each other over the fields from the direction in which it had disappeared.
A single Crow in Alder Swamp (Vock's Pasture, Dahlke's Pasture, etc.) sat in the top of an elm. I went through the swamp towards him. Suddenly he gave a vociferous caw caw and I thought it was calling to some others. A few steps farther on I heard a sudden rush

of wings and another crow flew up from the bushes in front of me where it had been feeding around a pool of water. The first one was evidently a sentinel and gave a signal to the other. Both flew over and lit in a tree towards Rob Dickies and staid there for some time.

I got mixed up while going around some water and found myself going north instead of east. Started toward the track along the fence. as I neared I saw a small bird sitting in a bush ahead of me. The

glass showed that it was a male Redpoll the first I have seen this winter. It had a dark red crown and on the breast the red showed as a sort of cross when it moved in certain positions. altogether it was an extremely beautiful bird. It was very tastefully colored and had a spirit beauty about it entirely different from that of some birds as the Scarlet Tanager. It seemed ill at ease and continually twitched its tail. It was silent although I tried tried to startle into giving a note. Soon it flew down to a dead

branch on the ground and from thence to the earth itself where it hopped around and fed. If I made a slight movement it would hop on to the branch and watch me restlessly for a few minutes. Its back showed very light colored but its breast was too heavily streaked for the Mealy Redpoll for which I at first took it.

Went on across the bridge and towards the Hemlocks. From the Hidden Trail I watched and listened to Song and Tree Sparrows across the river. The song of the latter seemed to fit in well

with the place especially upon a background of Junco notes. It had a wild ringing quality which marked it from the other.

Juncoes sputtered and fought through the woods on either side of me.

Suddenly a small bird flew to the ground about six feet away. I saw it was a Red-breasted Nuthatch and during the next three quarters of an hour I gained my first real sight of the birds life. The others recorded at various times meant only a voice or an short sight of the bird itself. It was an ideal place for the bird I should imagine that

it would choose it summer home in just such a situation. The ground was covered with pine needles and logs and was dotted thickly with bushy Hemlocks, some of which claimed the dignity of trees and the birches which naturally seem to accompany them.

The bird itself seemed absolutely without fear and followed within a short distance all the time. It seemed to prefer logs and the ground to tree trunks, although occasionally it mounted one to the distance of five or six feet. Every thing which looked eatable was picked up and if it was not

some sort of food was flipped to one side with a quick motion of the bill to the distance of a foot or more. The objects tried were in every case that I saw white. If they were good they were immediately jammed into a crevice and pounded up and then eaten. If it was on the ground it flew to the nearest tree or log for the purpose of eating its find. It kept up a continual soft ick ick and once or twice gave the yank yank yank. It seemed to be a very beautiful bird not a handsome one. The reddish of its underparts blended so well with the pine needles

and its grayish back seemed so smooth and glossy. Once I got behind a tree and came up to within a couple of feet of it as it sat on the end of the log. It did not seem to realize my presence at all. Every white object was pulled from the crevices of the bark and I thought to myself that I would hate to have to make a meal after it.

Occasionally when it reached more open portions it would fly back to the cliff above the river, but I found it again easily each time. Once when it was on a patch of Pine needles a Bluejay gave an alarm-note and it staid

still watching above it for two or three minutes. This seemed to be where it looked for danger, above. The last I saw of it, it was peering around a tree trunk at me calling in its thin nasal tone yank yank yank yank. It seemed to me to be about half as big as a White-breasted. Its ak was exactly like that of its cousin.

March. 18, Wednesday.

This morning when I got up I heard a familiar tseet and following it up found my first Fox Sparrow of the year. It must have stopped over during

the night. A Few English Sparrows were gathered around it curiously and at last it flew away.

Went down in the Old Pasture. Birds were thick as usual. I saw a pair of Song Sparrows mating. The female seemed very indignant at the attentions paid to her and chased the male with continual tsuts. They flew low along the ground and through the brush piles with a straight flitting entirely different that usually seen. At every pause he would sing and then she would take to chasing him again

In Seeley's Marsh were half a dozen male Red-wings in full song. I heard a hurried Sparrowlike tsit tsit-it tsit-it tsit coming from the marsh. It sounded exactly like a young bird. There was nothing in sight but a Red-wing in a box elder tree, who sang and between times examined his toes in an embarrassed manner. Soon I noticed that a tsit preceded his song nearly always and that I never heard the note while he sang. Soon I caught in the act and was satisfied. He gave ~~three~~ songs h' was Ker-ee and Co (wh)er lee and ha wer Kiwa lee

After breakfast I went over to the Hemlocks to work on the cabin.
By the Railroad Bridge was a male English Sparrow. I can see that they will be spread out worse than ever this year.
Heard a Song Sparrow give a loud clear song like se heer he hay tsip tsip tsip t t t several times.
Birds were very thick around the Hemlocks. Heard a Flicker calling from across the river. Song, [illegible] and Tree Sparrows, Juncos and Bluebirds were singing incessantly while Purple Finches roamed

around giving their strange calls and occasionally singing.
Two Canada Geese flew over calling occasionally. They seemed bewildered and had probably been lost from a flock during the night. They came as close as any Geese I have seen yet. They tried to make headway against the wind and finally did so going off toward the mill pond.
A Winter Wren bobbed up onto a stump and chirped at me. During the day I heard them continually, and I think that there were several. It is an ideal place for

them.
About ten oclock two Phoebes circled down into the woods and began to call and one gave the flight song for about five minutes. I think they must have been migrating by day as they soon relapsed into silence as if tired only rousing occasionally to call.
Heard three or four Brown Creepers calling. They were evidently migrants.
About noon Heavy clouds blew and it seemed about to rain. Three Red-tailed Hawks came circling over and began to scream. They were two females and a male.

The male was the smallest. The prospect of a storm seemed to make them more lively. The Red Squirrels kept very quiet only occasionally scolding from the shelter of the pines. The Hawks gave notes like e truck, shreck, serk, Ke-e-e yer-r-r and a squealing tsee. Occasionally they mounted high in the air and descended in great Bounds. Once the male dashed down toward one female and they extended and clasped one foot falling nearly to the ground before loosing each other. Then they came over near where I was and sat around in the trees. When the male

perched near one of the females
she would immediately take
another perch farther away.
He flew into the tops of the
pines and sat there awhile
as though looking for a
place for a nest. The small
birds did not seem to mind
them much. When the
clouds became blackest
they soared so high that I
could hardly see them.

March 22 Sunday.
This morning before breakfast
I started for the fields. By
Herman Smiths I saw two
Song Sparrows down by the
ditch apparently mating.

I went down they to
watch them. Soon I discovered
that both were males for each
one sang. One always chased
the other & they flew with the
trembling mating flight. If the
head one sang the other
immediately took after it again
They did not pay much
attention to me but lit close
by sometimes. Occasionally
they stopped to rest but soon
were at it again. Once in a
while one gave a low chimp
They kept close to the ground
only rising to cross a fence
or get over a hummock. They
kept going from one end of
the ditch to the other weaving
in and out through and over

the woods.
The Woodpeckers and Chickadees do not come to feed much now except when it turns a little colder. This morning only a single Hairy came. He was feeding in the big maple and caught his foot in a string. Instead of fluttering or becoming frightened he simply twisted his foot until it came loose and then went on feeding.

After breakfast I started for the Hemlocks. Song and Tree Sparrows were as usual there in The Old Pasture.
Heard a Mourning Dove coo

across the river but could not locate it farther on I heard another and saw two. The note had a curious ventriloquial effect seeming not to come from the tree above me and now from one or the other of several across the river.
A White-rumped Shrike flew over calling just like a young Vesper Sparrow. I saw my first one last year on the same day.
Across the river from the Hemlocks I sat down to watch the birds. Saw some Crows sitting around in the pines. They seemed very quiet and I could not see what they were doing.

Heard a great commotion over beyond the rocks but thought it was made by chickens at some farm which the wind had ~~brought~~ clearly to me. As I started to go on the clamor broke out afresh and over the bluffs came a flock of 16 snow-white birds with dark wingtips and their heads seemed a little darker than the rest of the body. They were Greater Snow Geese and flew about 200 feet up. Their notes were loud and sonorous and seemed as I could make out to resemble the notes cow-cow-cow.

At first sight I exclaimed Swans! but a second look showed that they were geese and when I got home I learned the species.

Across the river I heard a Field Sparrow sing twice but could not see it.

A Hairy Woodpecker flew by giving a note like cu-tick took and I heard others drumming.

Fox Sparrows were thick in the Hemlocks especially along the Hidden Trail. They sang from the trees and sometimes from the ground.

Juncoes were quite thick along the east Bluff. They

kept up a running undertone of songs and scolding notes from which the songs of the Fox Sparrows who occasionally sang in concert stood out in bold relief. The Juncoes gave a hissing note like ss.
I lay down in the sun by Phoebe Brook and soon noticed the Crows sitting around in the Hemlocks near the Cabin again. I suspected at once that there was an Owl there but lay still for a while in an endeavor to locate it. Then I heard a low remonstrating whoohoo whoo hoo which established its identity as a Barred Owl. I was not

the only one interested however. Two three Chicadees scolded and whistled around but kept well undercover as som Bluejays who were as quiet as the Crows. A Red-bellied Woodpecker sat on a dead stub and called angrily at the Owl. Suddenly the small birds scattered and the Crows flew off swiftly in sharp zigzags. They were frightened at a Red-tailed Hawk which slanted swiftly down and lit in the tree with a subdued note. His curiosity however was soon satisfied and he flew off letting his feet hang until

he was well under way. Then I must needs take a look but the Owl flew off towards the West woods about. The Crows came flying back through the trees below me and were saluted with two shots from across the river one of which struck near me. Hearing some Bluejays scream in the direction which the Owl had taken I went over there. I looked for it in a large tree but it was in a small one and flying down through the Hemlocks it disappeared.

March 28, Saturday.
This afternoon I was piling wood. Several Meadowlarks flew over calling whiss. The males were chasing the females.
A Bronzed Grackle lit in Mrs. Russell's trees and seemed formally to take possession. He flew off and came back several times. This was the first one I had seen here in these trees this year.

March 29, Sunday.
This morning before breakfast I went down in the fields. A Flock of Snails flew across the river and lit in a

brushpile close by. I stood still but one perceived and flew off calling excitedly. Others followed and soon the main flock went the last one in its hurry bursting out through a mass of twigs.
The Song are beginning to slightly dominate the Tree Sparrows while a small flock of Juncos was as exclusive as ever.
Meadowlarks were in full song and were spread all through the fields. Flickers were also abundant. They were shouting in all directions.

After breakfast I started for the Hemlocks as usual. Below Fullmer's I started up two Song Sparrows and had to follow quite a distance before I could see their breasts and thus make sure that they not Swamp Sparrows. Their backs looked light-colored in the glimpse of them that I got of them and then they skulked through the bushes and grass and were hard to find at all.
Another one across the river chimped at me in a queer deprecatory manner.
A Junco sang, scolded and

sang again keeping up the rotation. It is in this way that the flock medley is produced. There are always a number of them singing in the trees along The Hidden Path.

A Hairy Woodpecker began to nod and give the love note and drum without apparent cause although another sat in a tree about 200 feet off. Both were males.

Fox Sparrow were thick. They nearly always sang from the ~~trees~~ ~~ocasionally~~ giving chorusee of twenty five or thirty. A male followed a female around giving a very sweet love song but

she would have nothing to do with him.

Some Crows along Hidden Path were very inquisitive. They had been feeding on the ground but at my approach flew up and circled around over me calling. I remained quiet under the shelter of the Hemlocks and they lit in the trees just above me seeming very curious. Even when I came out into sight they did not seem to fear me but came out and perched around within 40 or 50 feet of me.

At the end of the Path I saw my first Golden-crowned Kinglets of the year. They

hunted around with Chicadee like notes and occasionally sang.
The Whole ~~west~~ slope of the East Bluff was covered with Juncos. They made a fairly loud rustling noise as they fed among the leaves and their notes and song made a rippling undertone like that of running water to the songs of the other birds.
Several Phoebes were calling and Flycatching. They were in the tops of the tallest trees which struck me as a little strange.
Two Crows flew over about five hundred feet up cawing

loudly.
Two Tree Sparrows flew into the thornapples near Phoebe Creek where I was lying I could hear other singing across the river. These two flew down onto the long sodden grass at the edge of the Creek and began to feed on what they could pick up. I thought at first that they came to bathe.
When I started the Winter Wren started up in front of me and I followed it around for awhile. There seems to be only the one here. It chimpied at me and scolded harshly on the wings as it flew short distances

Occasionally it came up on top of a log or stone to look at me. It bowed and bobbed jerked as if it was a bit of mechanism instead of a bird. It stood up very high on its legs. Once it came around a log, saw me, crept silently back and then began to scold. It crawled up the sides of logs and into all sorts of holes rarely using its wings except to fly a short distance to fresh cover scolding as it went. It was about as restless a little as I have seen for quite a while. It must take a lot of food to run it for twenty-four hours

A Hairy Woodpecker was busy picking a log to pieces and I stopped to watch him. He was prying off the bark for the angleworms underneath it. It was a rotten log and was full of them. When I scared him off to examine it he lit one a tree and waited for my leave. I stood by hoping that he would come back but it showed no disposition to do so. He rubbed his head one the tree and then looked intently at some object in the middle distance. My patience gave in first and I went on.

Then a Fox Sparrow gave a duet with a Song Sparrow, to the latters detriment in my opinion.
Two Killdeer flew around high overhead all the morning calling vigorously and wandering over quite a stretch of country.

March 30, Monday.
This morning before breakfast I went up ~~to~~ the ~~railroad~~ Bridge. I was looking for a Kingfisher but was disappointed. Juncoes were scattered all along feeding on the embankment and picking up gravel to aid their

digestions. I followed one song up from the lumber sheds to George Knapp's house thinking it might be a Chipping Sparrow. It was almost the first bird I heard. One started to fly through a culvert but changed it's mind just as it reached and went over.
A Fox Sparrow across the bridge in a brushpile gave me love song until I frightened him out.
A Flicker drummed on a loose stick with a loud rattling noise and then called. Another came over towards it.

186

Tonight after supper I went down in the fields. The Kingfisher I looked for in the morning flew out of some grape-vines in the old pasture. I might have known it would be there if any where.

The Song Sparrows here were very thick and had a great divergence in the pitch and tone of their songs.

April.

187

April 1, Wednesday.

This morning after breakfast I started for the Hemlock Bluffs to work on the Cabin. By Alder Swamp a flock of about a dozen Snail picking up gravel on the railroad track. In town near the Warehouse I picked a Ruffed Grouse that had been evidently run over by a train while doing the same thing. One of the Snail flew across a ditch and ran so fast without pausing that it still seemed flying.

By the bridge a Bluejay flew past giving a note like ke-lert-e-kul. It flew

in a very peculiar manner with the body held nearly upright.
Heard a White-rumped Shrike calling across the fields.
Caught the last end of a Vesper Sparrows song coming from Rob Dickie's cornfield. This is the first one of the year.
Golden-crowned Kinglet were common all along the river from the Railroad Bridge to the Hemlocks. They a good deal and were as restless as usual. They sang see see see chitty chitty chitty!
Purple Finches also were were singing. I did not

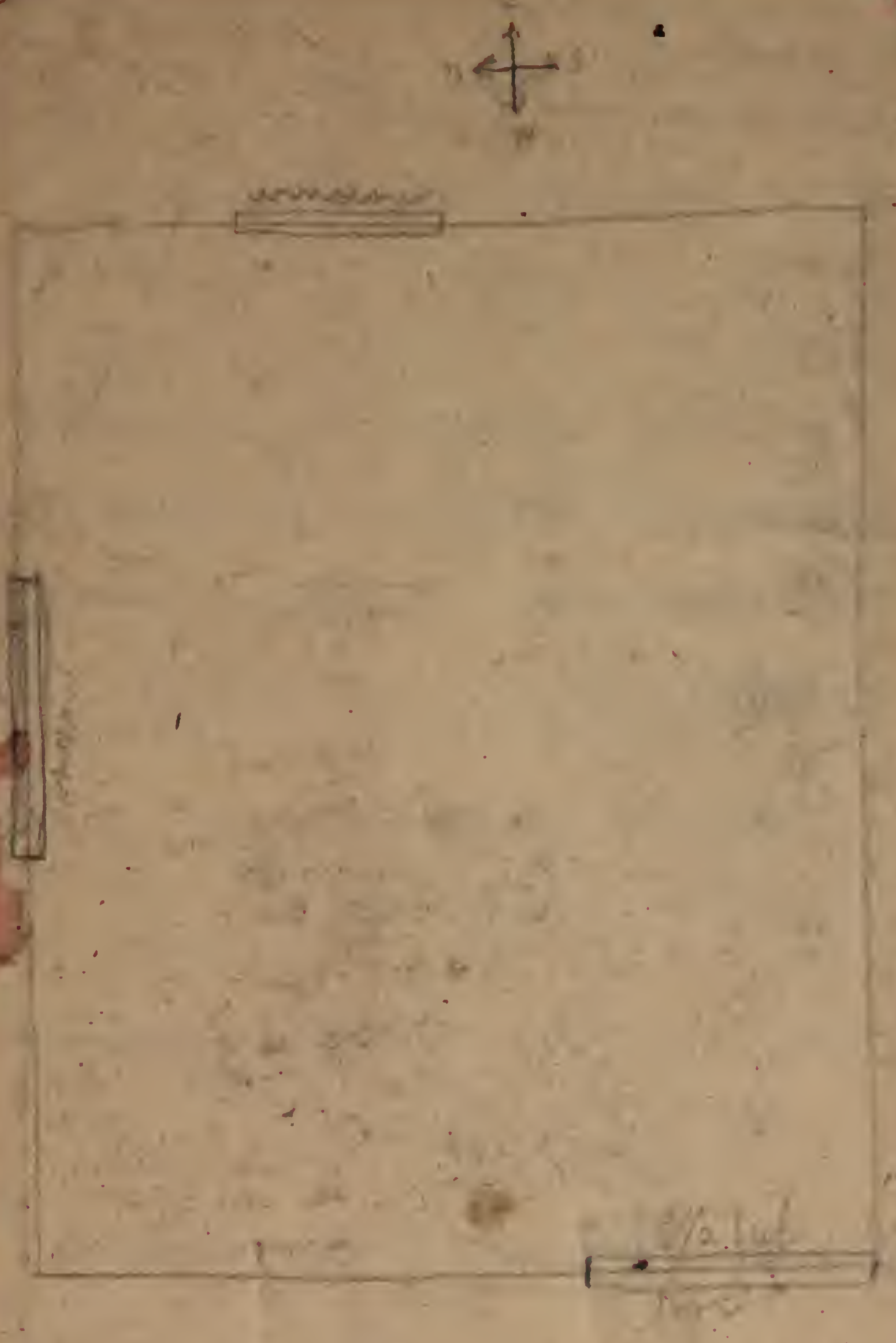
recognise the song at first not having heard it in so long. It is rather different from the song given in the fall. Some parts of it were rather flute like and reminded me of the Wilson's Thrush somewhat.
A Phoebe fluttered through the cabin giving the flight song and acting in a very possessive manner. Later he came back bringing his mate and was nearby all day undisturbed by my sawing and hammering. They seemed to be examining a shelf in the rock a few feet from the door with

an eye to building.
As I stepped out of the Hidden trail a Crow came flying over the Bluff with some nesting material in its mouth. It saw me and warned its mate similarly laden and they swerved to one side. They were very secretive all day and I think they are repairing the old Hawk's nest.
The Winter Wren sang twice in the middle of the day when all the other birds were quiet. It was a very sweet rippling song and I wished for more of it.

Vesper Sparrows sang some during the day from across the river.
I found a few Hepaticas below the cave.
I thought that the main body of the Juncoes had passed but on starting for ~~home~~ I saw my mistake for they were scattered along the river bank and I drove them along in front of me in hundreds bearing a few Fox Sparrows with it seemed by mere force of numbers. The air was filled with the flash of their white tail feathers.

1903

April 2, Thursday.
This morning before breakfast I went down in the Old Pasture.
A Flicker flew past me with a peculiar wing beat. Afterwards I heard it several times it was louder and clearer than that of the Downy Woodpecker. I saw a single Vesper Sparrow it was very wild and had probably come during the night.
Song and Tree Sparrows were in full song.
A Flock of Juncoes kept by themselves near the Coulee.



Bee bait
Oil Anise
" Rhodium
" Cinnamon
Laudanum
Bay rum

16 diamond mouth